

ready to entertain the stranger and relieve the necessitous. It is, sir, a remarkable and honourable fact, that every one in my congregation, over ten years old, can read and write; some are even well read in history and the belles-lettres, and in every house you are sure to meet with well-thumbed copies of 'Fox's Book of Martyrs,' 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' 'The Balm of Gilead,' 'The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul,' and other kindred books. The learning of my people is thus generally of a theological character, and the midwife, and several other good old ladies in my cure, could hold their own against the famous Aquinas, and put to flight all the doctors of the Sorbonne. Thus religious subjects, with tales of religious persecutions, of Indian massacres, and of civil usurpations, exactions and oppressions, while away the winter evenings at every fireside, and tinge with a devotional hue the sentiments and feelings of the Alamancers. Our people, as I have before intimated, would make excellent republicans, for there is among them a deep-rooted aversion, I may say detestation, of every species of tyranny, and an attachment to liberty—real, true, genuine, and well-regulated liberty—stronger than the love of life or the fear of death. They have the virtues becoming citizens of a democracy—that first-born hope of philanthropy. The old men are sedate, just, free-hearted, and single-hearted, well understanding their rights, thinking for themselves, and extremely jealous of those who cultivate popularity: the matrons are chaste, dutiful, and affectionate; the maidens pure, simple, artless, pious, tender, and beautiful; and the young men brave, ingenuous, and modest. Among all there is no one aspiring to take the lead. There is none of that restlessness, that reaching for family aggrandizement, that desire of change, which characterizes every community, even in perfect democracies. There is also another notable difference between this people and other wealthy settlements in this country—"

"By your leave," said M'Bride, "I will mention one which I have observed."

"Certainly, proceed," replied the parson.

"Well, then, you must know," continued M'Bride, "that I came south expecting to find a different sort of people than those with whom I have had the honour of becoming acquainted. I had heard much, and I had believed what I heard, of the sunny south, of its simple virtues, its knightly courtesies, and its generous feelings. I found its much-boasted, old-fashioned hospitality was but a profuse and wasteful extravagance, dictated by a vainglorious desire for notoriety; its social gatherings disorderly routs; its refinement consisting

in a contempt for all other men and places, and in a supercilious and arrogant assumption of infinite superiority, and its intelligence limited to the knowledge of games, and of the histories and pedigrees of blood-horses. When I first came south, to a neighbouring province, I was honoured with an invitation to a great party, given by a wealthy planter in honour of the nuptials of his son. It was to take place in midwinter, and for weeks before the whole country was in a buzz of conversation about it, every body appearing to be in a state of entire felicity at the bare anticipation of the glorious enjoyments of the approaching entertainment. On the day appointed, through sleet, and rain, and snow, I made my way to the house of my host. When I arrived, I heard a great tumult, saw loose horses scampering about, carriages and gigs broken and upset, and negroes running to and fro in great confusion, some drunk, and all beside themselves and unapproachable in their new-blown dignities and upstart importance. It appeared that every one had brought his own servant to wait upon him and represent his dignity, and, as I came alone, I was utterly neglected, until, with a handful of silver, I worked upon the sympathies of the most humble-looking negro I saw, got him to show me to the gentlemen's dressing-room and take charge of my horse. I was ushered into a granary, warmed by a villainous old stove, and, in the presence of a parcel of roistering gallants, who paid no attention to me, I arranged my dress. Feeling myself prepared to be ushered into the company of the ladies, I followed the sound of a fiddle, and found myself at the door which opened into the public saloon. As no one met me to welcome me in, and as it was rather moist to wait long out of doors, I followed the example of others, and was soon wedged so tight in the middle of the passage, that I could move in no direction, and could scarcely turn my head. All those around me were chatting and laughing like men in hysterics, making a most forlorn attempt at being perfectly happy, although some were fairly choked by the pressure, some squeezed into a jelly, and all fixed immovably in their stations. Through a door on one side, I saw into a room, around the sides of which men and women were packed together as if put up for exportation, and in the centre of which some young folk were dancing, each one having about eight inches square on which to cut his capers. On the other side of the passage was another room, in which I beheld a sea of old ladies' faces, solemn, prim, and proud, while their bodies were so jammed together that they looked like one solid bale of dry-goods compressed into the smallest possible space. After I had got thoroughly warmed, and even be